

WILLIAMSON A FREAK OARSMAN

Schuylkill Champion a
Small Man.

Weights but 132 Pounds and
Stands 5 Feet 6 1-2
Inches.

Looks More Like a Coxswain Than
a Champion Oarsman—Is a
Remarkable Athlete.

Jesse Williamson, 24, a member of the University Barge club, and for two years the holder of the challenge belt, representing the single sculls championship of the Schuylkill navy, is one of the most remarkable oarsmen along Boathouse row.

What gives Williamson his unique distinction is that a man of so slight a build should hold the championship of the Schuylkill in single sculls and wrest it from the hitherto all-powerful Juvenal.

Rowing championships have so long been associated with men of large physique that one is totally unprepared to find the present holder an athlete who in weight and size looks more like a coxswain than the sterling oarsman that he is.

Williamson weighs only 132 pounds, and stands 5 feet 6 1/2 inches in height. But Williamson does not carry an ounce of superfluous flesh. Every pound of his weight is so much bone and sinew. Even his hands give no suggestion of the power which they have to wield the oars. The hands of most champion oarsmen are large and hardened with exercise, but those of Williamson are small and look more suitable for holding a pen than for handling a heavy oar.

Two Years of Rowing.
Williamson has been rowing only two years, but his constant practice has developed his back, shoulders and arms so that the muscles are as hard as iron and when he rows they stand out in bunches. That leaves no doubt as to where the little champion gets the tremendous strength and endurance which two years in succession have sent his shell across the finish like a winner in the event which is the goal of ambition to every sculler on the river.

Williamson first came into prominence as an oarsman last summer, when he won the championship in single sculls for the first time. Not so much importance was attached to that victory then because of the fact that James B. Juvenal, the man who had won it seven times previously, or more than any other man who had ever held the honor, was in England to try his skill at the Henley regatta. Juvenal was then naturally considered invincible in his special event, and even the most enthusiastic admirers of Williamson would not have picked the university oarman to win from the mighty Juvenal.

The past and present champions, however, had the battle out this year—the occasion being the Navy Day regatta on June 18. The aquatic duel was an extraordinary one. In the one shell was a diminutive oarsman weighing but a little over 130 pounds. Opposed to him was a man who outweighed him by nearly fifty pounds, and was his superior in height, reach and experience.

Strength and Skill Tells.
In the end the strength and skill in the small but compact body of Williamson triumphed over the greater weight and experience of his formidable opponent, and Williamson had demonstrated his superiority and the fact that his victory of last year was no fluke.

Among the oarsmen along Boathouse row Williamson is known as a very modest champion. He is employed in one of the large insurance companies of the city, and takes up rowing merely as a diversion. After his day's work is done he goes out to Fairmount park and takes a row of two or three miles up the river. Just now the champion is preparing for the People's day regatta, which is to be rowed on the Schuylkill, July 4. In this meeting he will have to defend his title against the strongest scullers of the navy.

or backing away or side-stepping. That's how I beat him. Maybe I was a little quicker, too, but the punches that came at him without any warning were too much for Sam Berger. Every time I saw him getting set I just skipped out of his way. He only caught me once or twice on the body, and then I was going away from the blows.

"I went back to my corner at the end of the first round and told my second, Paddy Moran, who had trained me for all my championships, that it was going to be easy. Just keep him guessing," Paddy said, "and don't take any chances with him." And that's all I had to do."

Rodenbach laughs as he shows the cup, emblematic of this championship he won, to his friends. It is a handsome silver vase, standing on a pedestal of polished ebony, and is more than two feet high. This is the story of the cup, as Rodenbach brings it back from the coast.

Berger went to the silversmith's with the committee who had the light in charge, and when he was shown a cup much smaller than the one now in Rodenbach's possession he objected.

"It's pretty enough," said Berger, "but it isn't big enough for the amateur championship of the world."

"It won't grow any bigger," said the committee. "We've put too much money into it now."

"Oh, very well; if I must, I must," Berger remarked. Then he gave the silversmith \$135 more out of his own pocket and had him make a larger cup.

Of course he was confident that he would win the bout.

Singularities.

Some of the acts of Parliament at one time in effect were of curious interest. There was the famous act passed in the reign of Charles II. against Sunday trading, which was until very recently put into force regularly once a week at Yarmouth, where an honest trader came up every Monday morning "like a man" and paid a fine of 7 shillings. Then there was the Birmingham "metal button act." That was an extraordinary statute, and under it payment of a debt was recently related on the ground that, according to its provisions, every suit of clothes supplied by a tailor must have upon it metal buttons.

An extraordinary duel has just been fought in Paris between two youths named Maltier and Lamort. The arrangement was that Maltier was to stand with a drawn sword, while Lamort, 100 yards away and armed with a knife, mounted his bicycle. At the word the latter was to ride at his best speed at his adversary. The combat took place in the Rue de la Convention, and Lamort rode at breakneck speed and succeeded in knocking down his opponent, but at the same time fell himself. The swordsman received a serious cut on the head from a pedal, while the cyclist is suffering from two severe cuts from the sword.

There are more ways of wooing than there are nations, and to most people many of them may well seem very strange indeed. The etiquette of love among the Hungarian gypsies, for instance, is as follows: Cakes are used as love letters. A coin is baked into the cake, which at the first opportunity is flung to the favored object. The retention of this is looked upon as a virtual "acceptance." Its forcible return, an intimation that the "attentions" are undesired. This, of course, requires no eloquence on the lover's part. In some parts of the world, indeed, all that is demanded of a lover is physical force. Among the semi-savage tribes in the Arabian desert, round about Sinal, the lover tries to seize the girl while she is pasturing her father's flocks. She pelts him with mud, sticks and stones, and will be held in lifelong repute if she succeeds in wounding him. Once driven into her father's tent, the betrothal is proclaimed.—Chicago News.

The Career of a Bandit.

Raisuli, the bandit who kidnapped Mr. Perdicaris and his English stepson, is said to be a very worthy person, a good father, a faithful son, the husband of a minimum of Moslem wives, and a thrifty and enterprising genius, with a turn for commercialism, which has raised him above his former humble estate as a downtrodden peasant in the toils of Jewish money-lenders. He and his fellow villagers were falling ever deeper in debt to the Jews; the more they borrowed, the more they seemed to owe, and they felt the tolls closing around them. Then Raisuli had a brilliant idea; why not turn the Jewish village and destroy all evidence of indebtedness at one fell swoop? He tried it, and his consequent emancipation was the beginning of his new life for Raisuli, who is said to be a second Nangay Doola, a red-headed, red-bearded savage of great muscular force and few scruples. He has prospered in the work of village-burning, and has an enthusiastic following, for whom he is what Napoleon was for the Old Guard. He is even likely to rival Bu-Hamara, the pretender, who nearly shook the throne of Morocco year ago. As Bu-Hamara's following has diminished, the adherents of Raisuli have increased and multiplied, and he will certainly gain great prestige if the result of the present situation is that, under pressure of the powers, the Sultan sends a special embassy to the brigand to ask for terms, carrying rich ransoms for the kidnapped American and his English relative.—Harper's Weekly.

American Furniture the Best.

American furniture is superior on account of the technical skill employed in its mechanical execution, and, although we have no distinctive national style, American designers produce some of the best examples of the "period" styles—such as those of the eighteenth century—now in vogue in every civilized country. Furniture of this type and in this style is far apart in this climate and in our overheated houses. Indeed, dealers have to make over the pieces they import. But a fine piece of furniture of American design and American manufacture in one of these styles combines delicacy and strength to a remarkable degree. American manufacturers even find sale for their products abroad. A Philadelphia house sells furniture to members of the German nobility, and once filled a large order for the Sultan of Morocco, after his agents had examined the product of our country. Several New York firms make furniture in the French style for customers in Paris.—World's Work.

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MAJOR DAINGERFIELD

HOW RODENBACH WON AMATEUR CHAMP CUP

English Idea of American Heiresses.

The London Saturday Review has been weighing the American heiress and, if we may judge from its remarks, finds her wanting. Here are some of the Review's conclusions:

The number of American heiresses who have recently married peers or their relatives is really formidable. Now an heiress nearly always comes of an unhealthy or barren stock, else she would not be an heiress. As a rule, an heiress is an only child. American fortunes are so gigantic that sometimes there is enough to make a millionaire brother and millionaire sister, or even two of the latter. But it will not be denied that American girls, whether from their climate, their diet, their habits or the exciting, wearing life of their fathers, are not so strong and healthy as English girls. Their choice, therefore, by the best Englishmen as wives cannot, on physical grounds, be a matter of congratulation. * * * It does not require any very intimate knowledge of life in the United States to be aware that the father or husband is regarded by his womanhood as a mere machine for the production of dollars, to be squandered on dresses, diamonds and visits to London and Paris. The calm

NEW YORK, July 2.—How William John Rodenbach, the New York youth, went to California and wrested the amateur heavyweight championship of the world from Sam Berger is an interesting story. He is only 26 years old, was born and raised in a New York flat, and works from midnight to 9 o'clock in the morning as a floorman in the department of street cleaning stables in Fifteenth street.

The title which he has won has not given him any notions of entering the prize ring, either, and an amateur he says he will always remain if he lives to be a hundred years old.

Rodenbach has been amateur middleweight champion of America since 1929, and when he discussed going to California to fight Berger, wise men

advised him to stay away. "Berger is a head taller than you," they told him. "He has knocked Jim Corbett down and closed Fitzsimmons's eye. He'll put it all over you."

But what "Rody" did to Berger is a matter of pugilistic history. He went to Frisco, boxed the wonderful big Berger, outfought and outpointed him from the start, and won such a clean-cut victory that the two judges, although friends of Berger, awarded the decision to Rodenbach without a moment's hesitation.

The triumph was the most notable ever won by an amateur fighting man. Rodenbach, weighing 156 pounds and standing 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in his shoes, outfought Berger, who weighed 192 pounds and stood 6 feet 1 1/2 inches.

"Berger's a powerful fellow," said Rodenbach, "and he's as fast on his feet as Jim Corbett, but he has to set before he can hit, while I can let go a punch any time, whether I'm going in



THE 'VARSITY CREW OUT FOR A TRIAL SPIN.

way in which the American man is left at home while his wife and daughters are scattering thousands in European hotels must often have struck the observant. This sort of arrangement does not tend to stimulate the domestic affections or to cultivate a sense of duty in any sphere. It inevitably makes women exacting, heartless and sensual.

Substitute for the well-bred English girl the American heiress as the ruler of society and the result must be the materialization of the tone of society, the substitution of a restless craving for excitement for the calm and comely ease of the great lady of the old school. The constant changing of towns of fabulous cost, tearing about in the latest and most expensive motor car, tramping from one social function to another, dining by preference in a crowded restaurant—such is the serious business of an American woman of wealth.

It would be miraculous if the Saturday Review were ever by any chance to find anything American that met with its approval, for which reason it is pretty safe to set down that Journal's conclusion in the present case as anything but lenient. English heiresses may be sweet and gentle creatures, but it will be pretty hard to convince the average American that all Yankee heiresses are loud-mouthed, brazen creatures who have no affection

for their fathers and who are inevitably exacting, heartless and sensual. We insist that American heiresses are the loveliest creatures in the world, and if they would only quit marrying titled foreigners we would proclaim their absolute perfection and defy the Saturday Review to disprove it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

John Philip Sousa, the conductor, has received notice of his promotion from Officer of the Academie Francaise to "Officier de l'Instruction Publique" France. The new distinction gives Mr. Sousa the gold-palms and rosette of the French academy. He is the American who has received this decoration.